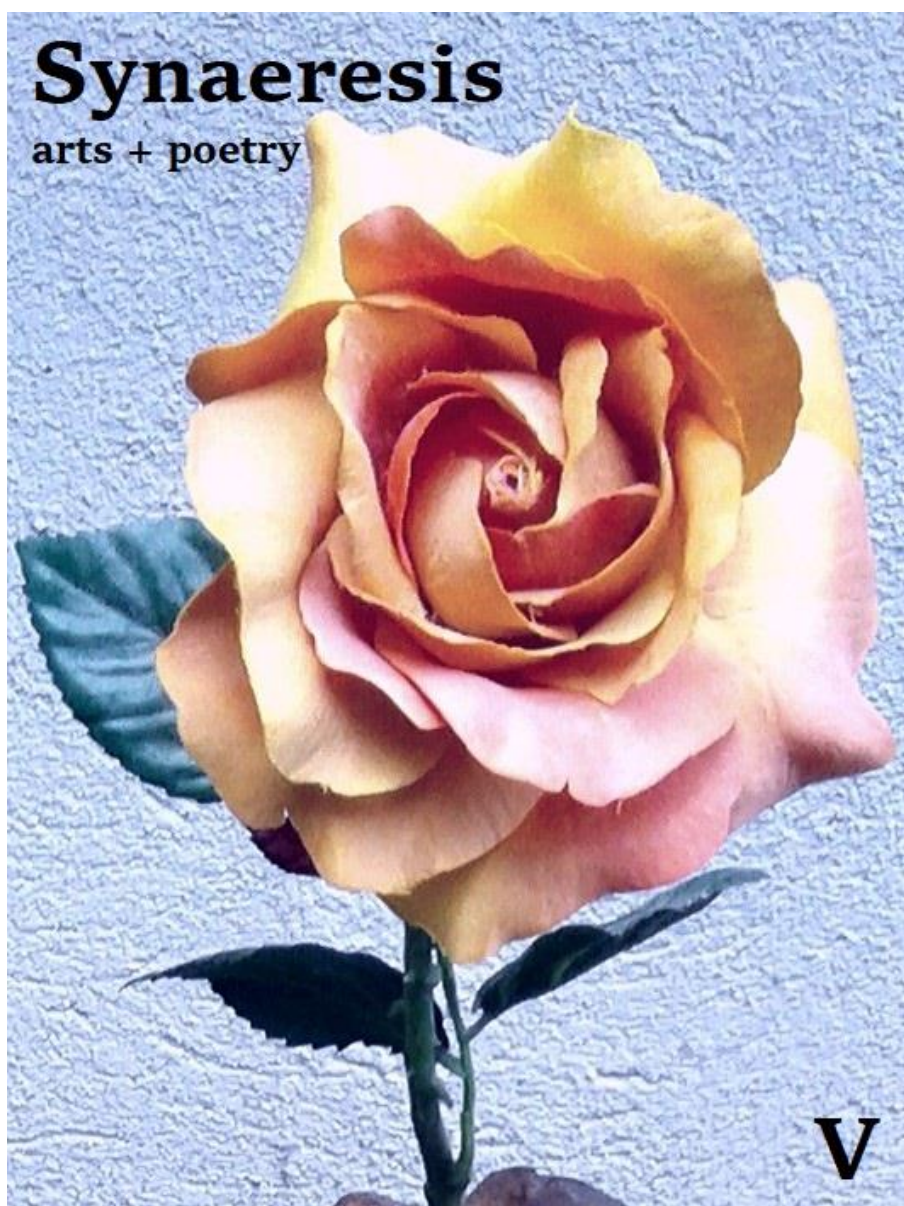


Synaeresis

arts + poetry



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This issue is dedicated to Peter Baltensperger. Thank you.

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Flower Pot Island – **Barbara Spring**



Bruce McRae

In And Of The World

Dedicated to the ones who dig holes.
Who trawl rubbish tips.
Who pan icy meltwaters of the subarctic.
Who sift the ages for archeology,
making ditches and landscape,
laying pipe, setting bodies to rest,
shifting silt in canals, burying life's treasures.

To those in their underground houses,
the gravediggers' task as heavy as clay,
every tunnel a rite of passage.
They're planting trees or marking trenches.
They're putting little Pepper down,
and may she be oblivious forever.
May the gods and demons forego her existence.

Visionary

The man with the visions sees
armadas among ceiling tiles.
Angelic conventions.
A minor god with a million fingers.

Either blessed or cursed,
the man suffering visions sees
skirmishes along the quantum realm.
Ciphers marching lockstep to war.
Any number of horrifying futures.

Since a child he's heard
the voice of the fly and its long complaint.
Ballads only the unborn sing.
Sighing that's louder than the infinite bawl.

Don't take my word for it, ask, if you dare.
He'll tell you he sees tomorrow today.
He sees the undead and means of dying.
He sees God shrug when suns ignite.
I have to tell you, he says,
taking you to one side, I've read
the immeasurable sentence of your story.

The Lost Years

In and around myself, gone adrift,
AWOL to social norms and mores...
I was perfecting human error, if asked,
the little rebel without a get-out clause,
the born loser bearing loss and the cost of it.

Last millennia, at the turn of the century,
and still the memory welts and weals.
A fog defined by lack of definition.
A blur from living with both eyes smashed.
Lunatic-saint baptized a hero-victim.

Until the hour comes upon me
and death is the fold.
When I see how the precious things
were there to be wasted.

Bruce McRae, a Canadian musician currently residing on Salt Spring Island BC, is a multiple Pushcart Prize nominee with well over a thousand poems published internationally in magazines such as *Poetry*, *Rattle* and the *North American Review*. His books are *The So-Called Sonnets* (Silenced Press), *An Unbecoming Fit Of Frenzy* (Cawing Crow Press), *Like As If* (Pskis Porch), and *Hearsay* (The Poet's Haven).

Matt McGee

This Scar Is A Medal Of Honor

The mist of sweat on my bicep where a chevron shone thirty years ago is the badge I came for. The basketball is under-inflated, ten years in a garage will do that, but it just needs a little more thrust from my fingers. I have that now.

Saturday night has turned all the usual faces into dressers and dudes, and the bounce of the ball echoes around an empty court. This time nine weeks ago I was being prepped for a date with a cardiologist, who would sleep well, have a big breakfast, and hit the gym before heading to the OR where I lay prone, motionless, unaware. Our dance was a success, the kind that gives you something to tell friends and strangers for years to come.

OR beacons have become lights high above the court, their city-funded buzz courtesy of a timer. Moths bleat their thanks in jagged circles, throwing shadows around the court, harmless as they are. And soon a switch will klank, the light will fall into night, and I suspect the moths will go home while I go into the evening to where the action goes on and on.

Matt McGee writes short fiction in the Los Angeles area. In 2018, his stories *A Day in the Life of a Favor Saver* and *Schneider's Last Stand* appeared in Grey Wolfe Press' *Legends* anthology; *The Flaming Tadpoles* appeared in the UK-based *Painted Words* anthology and his first romance novel, *Wildwood Mountain*, was released last June. When not typing, he drives around in a vintage Mazda and plays goalie in local hockey leagues.

Hadley Suter

Harriet Oubliée

Reaching for your branches and
Wondering with meandering hand
If they feel slightly slimmer,
Faintly weaker than last week,
More twig than branch—Chesapeake
Loblolly Pine, or trimmer.

I climb you, spindly cedar.
("Your new friend? Love to meet her!")
Gripping branches, I quiver,
Hoisting hips up all the way
Till balanced atop, the spray
Of estuary river,

Soaking your trunk just below.
Though I've made it, I still know
A soft branch when I feel one.
But when next week you're out there
I'll think, was that an error?
You're harder than a linden.

Meanwhile those tree-hands prior
Stretched uptown to inquire _____?
I had to swat them away.
Still covered in leaves, autumn
Twig arms rushed in late—oh, some
Twenty minutes—in disarray.

Like a birch at the banya,
Crazed twigs chased me round the room.
What I recalled as soft wood
Attempted to reassert
Its vigor right up my skirt—
You can't fool me with heartwood!

Then interfering branches
Suddenly taking chances,
Forced my arm above my head,
Against protesting verbiage
To peer at my own foliage
(Which this fall I haven't shed).

"Life is short!" (the birch, madly,
His branches flailing) "Hadley!"
There are soft hardwoods and hard,
But even a hard can be
What's called a weak-crotched tree:
They frame this very boulevard.

I escaped the sagging reach
Of that one (he was no beech),
Laughing as I latched the door.
I remembered the bonsai
He took me to see, and I
Kneeled and kissed my cedar floor.

Mushroom Clouds

For each aspiration discarded,
A mushroom sprung up in my paddock.
For each aspiration still guarded,
A donkey tied up with a padlock.

From Huppert I learned how to fry them—
The mushrooms—they taste better dirty.
From Tomaz I learned to untie them—
The donkeys—at two years and thirty.

Manumission to now: call it T
Minus [years of abeyance plus three].
At each new goal, my arms, vertiginous,
Rise up by themselves, supposititious,

But can't shake the Pyrrhonist view
That infects every rider hell-bent
On any Pyrenean ascent—
Doughty donkeys are prone to ague.

Even they can trip and then tumble
Inside themselves and swim much too long,
Can emerge siren-like and amble
To the ball to find everyone gone.

Hadley Suter is a writer in New York and a lecturer in French at Barnard College, and aside from poetry, writes articles for the *Brooklyn Rail* and *T Magazine*.

Colleen June Glatzel

Conduit

The train is going rough against the night.

I am everything

the ambulance alarm says I am.

Loud and wailing.

There are noises when I snap

my fingers.

Banging, booming,

the world is so bothered

by my thunder.

I am now a conduit

and outside

lightning is striking.

I hold electricity in

and admire the energy

that can never be contained .

People say you can't hear lightning,

but it has something to say.

It says, "I am privileged

to touch ground."

I'm the opposite of lightning today.

I strike up to the sky.

The ground is not for me.

Colleen June Glatzel is based in Waukesha, Wisconsin. She's the author of *Hey, Joey Journal*. Her poetry has been published in *Blue Heron Review*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, *Cherry House Press*, *TreeHouse Arts*, *5th Wall Press* and *WORDPEACE*. When Colleen's not writing, there's painting, studying numerology or dealing antiques.

Tern — **Barbara Spring**



Lisa Running – **Barbara Spring**



Barbara Spring is a poet and a painter. She has published four books: *The Dynamic Great Lakes*, *The Wilderness Within*, *Sophia's Lost and Found*, and *Between Sweetwater and Sand*. She lives within view of Lake Michigan and watches it change daily.

Carrie Connel-Gripp

Traffic Jam

The sudden stop
jolts me from a doze,
Mathis crooning *Chances Are*.
Snail's crawl, shifting cars
from one dead lane to another.
Speculation – a serious accident or
the ever-present season of construction.
Purple loosestrife blooming;
too early for cattails but
redwing blackbirds aplenty.
Fifteen minutes and
people are antsy.
Dogs being walked,
stretching legs in impatient pacing;
necks craning to see
any sign of the obstruction.
The rush to re-embark
at the first sign of inching forward.
A call to the destination:
“We’re coming. Just later than planned.”
Wishes to stay safe.
Two kilometres on:
corn sprouting a foot high,
rain splattered windshield.

Still discussing what might have happened.

Auditory slip to REM's *Drive*:

"maybe you're crazy in the head."

Three flashing arrow signs
indicate merge is imminent:
forced off the 401 onto Hwy 2
through soybean flatlands;
gravel road to Middle Line,
skirting Tilbury,
to Hwy 77 and onward.

*June 22, 2018 – Hwy 401 Westbound, before "On Route" at
Tilbury, Ontario – a fatal tractor trailer accident.*

Here There Be Monsters

He told a room of forty people
there are no more monsters.
But I know the monster of cancer
stalks undetected,
as it once pounced on my father.
And gazing about the room,
I see the monsters of hubris,
contempt, animosity, and envy.
There sits pretension, unoriginality,
and plagiarism wrapped up in a new cover.
Distraction, apathy, and misanthropy
stand as a barrier to compassion.
Misogyny and misandry hold hands
in the corner sneering at the world.
The monsters of faith and disbelief
hold a staring contest from opposite corners.
Peering from various pairs of eyes
are the monsters of abuse and neglect,
the present and future coloured by the past.
Pervading the space are loneliness,
depression, anxiety, despair.
Half the room is filled with low self-esteem,
self-deprecation and self-pity.
At the back, by the bar,
is the monster of alcoholism,
and lack of self-control stands by the food.

The monsters of racism, ageism and sexism
are present and accounted for.

Wending its way through it all
is complacency, marked by our societal
uniform known as plaid.

And here in my lap, ever-present,
sits the monster of resentment.

*October 4, 2018 – Poetry Book Launch, DNA Gallery,
London, Ontario*

Beach Day 2

Similar body shape: juicy Bartlett pears.
Hair pulled back and piled upon the head.
One wears a flowered mini dress;
one the obligatory rainbow –
a tie-dyed T-shirt with black shorts.
An easy conversation between them
until forced to break apart,
one up the sand,
one further into the water,
to meander around the boy
who looks at them with curiosity.
They meld together again
with the reach of caressing hands,
shoulders touching,
showing they are bonded
in a world melting in compassion,
love and acceptance.
I sit in a mood of contentment
beside the ghost of envy.

August 9, 2018 – Port Burwell, Ontario

Carrie Connel-Gripp is a poet and fiction writer living in London, Ontario, with her husband Andreas and their fur kids Mabel and Mila. She has a Master of Library and Information Science and a BA in English Language and Literature from Western University. Her poems have appeared on LTC buses and have been published in earlier issues of *Synaeresis : arts + poetry*, *Another London: poems from a city still searching for itself*, *The Toronto Quarterly*, and *Canadian Stories*. She also has 2 books of poetry published by Harmonia Press: *A Day in Pieces* (2013) and *Persona Grata* (2016). Her recent short stories have been published by *Aphotic Realm*, *Fterota Logia*, *The Academy of Heart and Mind*, *Tales from the Realm Volume One*, and *NOPE Horror Quarterly*.

At the Falls — **Warren Alexander**



Pamukkale Terraces — **Warren Alexander**



Warren Alexander is an award-winning photographer whose works have appeared in over two dozen exhibits, including a show judged by a curator from the Guggenheim in New York. He was a Board Member of the largest art co-op in Brooklyn and his photos are part of private and corporate collections. His satiric novel, *Cousins' Club*, was a semi-finalist for 2017 BookLife Award for General Fiction. His work, *Wrong Train*, placed second for the 2016 Rick DeMarinis Short Story Award judged by Michael Matrone. He lives in New York City.

John Grey

The Jump

It was a life shred into many pieces
but coming together just long enough
to fall from a bridge, through traffic lights,
through shadow, to crush against
the dark surface of the water far below.

Scattered like nebula then,
each sorrow finding its weight,
dragging the body down.
The water, closing in all around him,
felt like his bedroom but here, at least,
sleep would deliver as promised.

To think, a dead boy dragged
from a river begins
with bullying and torment,
and ends up as a pain so omnipresent
it becomes all there is to the life.

The cops, the rescue team,
have seen it all before.
Someone's son
is part of their jurisdiction.

A Day Begins Long After It's Ended

The alarm clock rings.
That begins the day for some.
Others start with a criminal assault
on the air around them
in the aggravating face of a dead battery.
My grandmother has hallucinations,
for example a priest standing over her bed,
about to administer the last rites.
Others, like my mother,
can barely down her first sip of coffee
without worrying that there's not enough
clean underwear to go around.

In each case,
there's a little of that "Who am I?"
that must be addressed.
No point starting the day
with a misidentification.
The dead generations would spin in their graves.
No one lays claim to being a lawyer
or a real estate agent or a high school principal.
We are all who we were the night before.

Everybody gathers for breakfast.
The car won't start.
The eggs are too runny for my taste.

My grandmother complains about the cold.
Then chewing and slicing and sipping
and not a word about politics
and, except for my mother briefly brushing
her fingers over the cross on the wall,
nothing about religion.

Families gather like this
for as many reasons as there are ways
we like our bacon.
Some figure they're needed.
Others just plain need.
Or we can't afford to be anywhere else.
Or, if we're to wear hand-me-downs
we'd rather have stuff that we've already seen in action.
The bonds are strongest at breakfast
before our ages, our responsibilities in the world,
contrive to break us apart.

I'm off to school.
My father, once the automobile club
sends a mechanic,
will be on his way to work.
My grandmother will retreat to the parlor
to continue her sleep in an upright position.

My mother will be what mothers of her generation
are doomed to be –
purveyors of clean underwear.

The alarm clock rings.
I slowly reach up to turn
the damn thing off.
I'm eight years old until I do.

On the Occasion of Living Where I Do

It's not a disaster
just another strange happening
in this season of strange happenings.
My white sneakers turned blue overnight.

Nor is it a rite of passage.
Those stages in a man's life are clearly demarcated.
They don't include a pinch of salt
discovered in the depths of my pillow.
Nor a flake of ceiling paint
that's a dead-set match
for Martin Sheen's right profile.

Yes I'm troubled
but not enough
to put a pistol to my head
and pull the trigger.
For what does a drop of green rain
have to do with how I feel about my loved ones?
And why should a singing razor blade
interfere with what I do for crust?

I must accept the fact
that there are things that
will ever remain a mystery.

Like the burping toaster oven,
the tissue paper that picks up
police radio broadcasts.

I just live here because there's no place else.
The world doesn't owe me anything.
An explanation least of all.

Common Ground

Dan and Sheila's neighbors are noisy.
The front yard is forever jammed tight

with junk cars parked at all angles.
There's always someone

trying to fix the unfixable
with banging and hammering and cursing.

And the backyard's like a jungle,
the grass knee-high except where

the mangy dogs have been digging
and an old rusty washing machine

has been laid to rest.
The kids are loud and ill-mannered

and they dress in shabby urchin-ware.
Except for the daughter that is.

She's nicely shaped, with long
golden hair in ringlets

and a smile eager to please.
Dan and Sheila keep

a neat garden and close-cropped lawn.

The blinds of their house

are always closed on the side that faces
the calamity next door.

But when the daughter appears,
one slat crumples upward,

another squeezes down a fraction,
and their teenage son's eye appears

between the two.

There's a place where neat and shabby

find common ground.

He has accidentally discovered it.

The Next Dance

In that stifling club,
I promise myself that
I will stand my ground.
But then she arrives
and an alarm clock rings
with a crazy laugh
born of years of rage
and grins of joy.
In the splintered realm of romance,
the lecture, the grinding has begun.
I retreat into the tiny taps of my feet.

So recriminations
wrap arms around each other and dance.
But feeling erects walls
like political differences,
renders the disco floor unsafe.
We writhe and we sway,
heat up the shrinking space between us.

And, by the end of the night,
our bodies, weary as they may be,
have taken over.
They even hug and kiss.

They're encouraged
in a way thoughts could never be.
Being up close is such a relief.
It's where our minds keep their distance.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in the *Homestead Review*, *Harpur Palate* and *Columbia Review* with work upcoming in the *Roanoke Review*, the *Hawaii Review* and *North Dakota Quarterly*.

Robin Wyatt Dunn

We're Not Wild

we're not wild,
we're inside—
with every caulk and crack
marbled and stacked
for the endurance

eternal recurrence is not for me
I have it in me to do more;
wreck and bore the beauty out of your heel
to steal the raging course of your dignity
spread out over the floor
and street
the meat of the day
and the hour of the sprint

in any direction you can name

stick the glue on my arm
I just need another hour under the rain

Tell Me the Name of the Sun

tell me the name of the sun
and why he's come

who is it shadowing my thought
the rum
and rake of the soil and bark

who comes over the hill
to see my house

and my ladder
scratching the sky

Robin Wyatt Dunn was born in Wyoming in 1979. He is a graduate student in creative writing at the University of New Brunswick, Canada. He lives in California, and his website can be found at www.robindunn.com

M.J. Iuppa

Beyond the Self

Small nick on her knuckle looks like a missing puzzle piece—shape of a tiger tooth, or is it a closing quotation mark—she wonders what it means, finding it accidentally while waiting in line at the bakery.

It hurts like a wrinkle.

Her freckled skin, thin as parchment, pulls transparent across the back of her hands. She points to a loaf of cracked wheat, hoping it's stale enough to make stuffing.

Her family will be over. She hasn't seen them in weeks.

So much to do before she sits down to tell them that there's nothing left to lose.

Real Talk

She says, “I gotta ask you something”; then, looks left to right. Her eyebrow whip-stitched over her weak eye; lips drawn thin over her crooked teeth. “You can’t breathe a word of this to anyone, not even your old Boston; definitely not your Quaker parakeet,” she hisses. “Swear. Hypothetically, swear to me that you won’t say any-thing to anyone.” She fidgets with her red paper napkin until it becomes a tiny tee shirt. *How did she do that?* I wonder. “O.K. I promise. Not. One. Word. Half of the Powerball is yours, if I do.”

“So, you *did* win.”

M.J. Iuppa ‘s fourth poetry collection is *This Thirst* (Kelsay Books, 2017). For the past 30 years, she has lived on a small farm near the shores of Lake Ontario. Check out her blog: mjiuppa.blogspot.com for her musings on writing, sustainability & life’s stew.

Gerard Sarnat

What Bloody Differences A U Makes

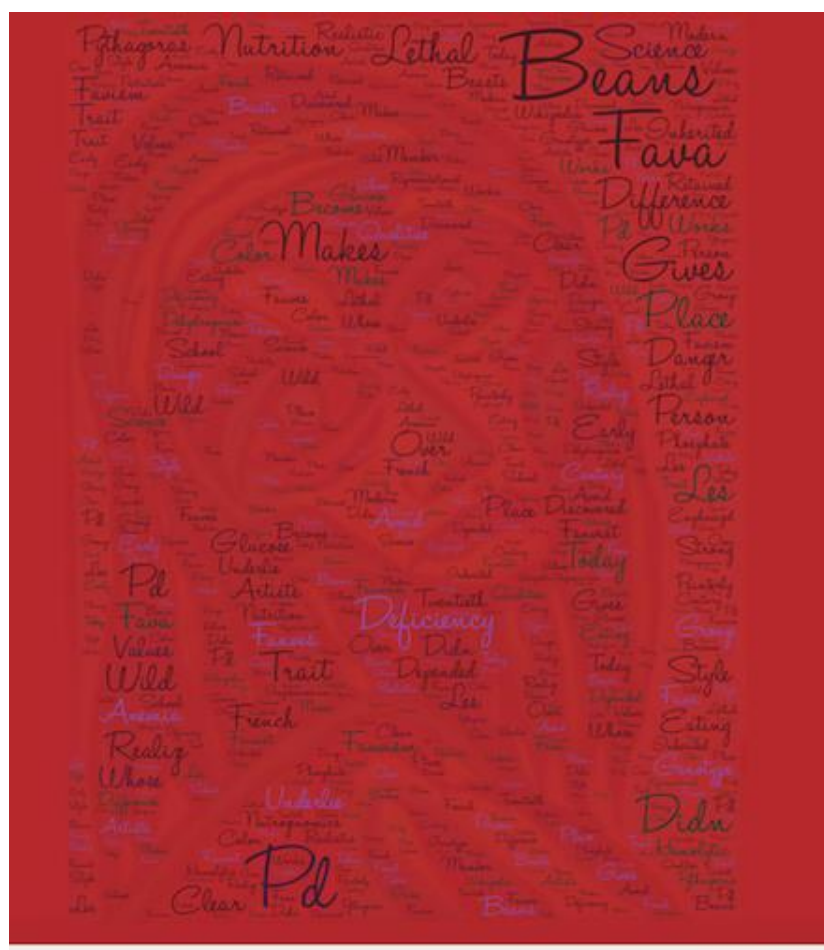
Pythagoras said fava beans could be lethal.

This gives him a place in nutrition science but not in nutrogenomics: he didn't realize danger depended on the genotype of the person eating the beans.

That's become clear only since 1956, when glucose-6-phosphate dehydrogenase (G6PD) deficiency was discovered. This inherited trait can underlie hemolytic anemia, i.e., favism.

Today's Wikipedia says, "Fauvism is the style of *les Fauves* (French for "the wild beasts"), a group of early twentieth-century modern artists whose works emphasized painterly qualities and strong color over the representational or realistic values retained by Impressionism."

I have G6PD deficiency, must avoid fava beans, but am not yet a member of the Fauvist School.



Concrete Nag-Drawn Junk Man's Wagon, *circa 1949*

Nyet heartstrings fancy horse and buggy flashback,
bug-eyed bearded swart coarse Orthodox Jews
straight off the boat from Old Country *shtetls*
into lower Manhattan alleys, perhaps scavenging
scrap for post war recovery efforts (maybe
unaware), haggled soda pop or beer bottles
I gathered from aunts/uncles within the two block
radius we were allowed to roam—three cents
for a small and five cents for the large ones.
Hearing this story, my grandchildren figured
their Coach was surely *mishugana* though
of course they didn't know that word.

4.93 Rider Rating (You're a star)

But I imagine that in Dark Mirror's ride share universe, my rating is eclipsed by almost everyone who spends the trip chatting up the driver, maybe sitting shotgun

while I use the time to work on my laptop's hotspot in the backseat – the only clients rated below me likely leave bodily fluids all over the upholstery.

Accessing statistical reality, UBER knows I've drifted to Lyft since repelled by its public policy – they woo back with pimping praise plus 25% lower rates per mile.

Velveeta Diagnostician

The woman who has slept in the same bed with me nearly a half-century always said my stable disposition was reflected in a so-boringly unwavering bland diet which existed until recently when she voiced concerns that her spouse's sudden yen for extravagant new tastes such as frog legs in Szechuan sauce sweet & sour quail-drop soup is a *forme fruste* for emerging dementia with brain softening like cheese.

Septuagenarian Kingdom Of Heaven

Crepeville
post autumn
farmers'
market,
decaf coffee
resting at
some table
while one
bearded
prophet
beautifully
reads from
his good book

warm jacket
diminutive
umbrella
& wool cap
stuffed tan
muffler +
mittens
just fit in
pockets—
equipped
to go any
where if
I could.

Gerard Sarnat is a physician who's built/staffed homeless clinics as well as a Stanford professor/healthcare CEO. Gerry's been married since 1969 with three kids plus four grandkids and more on the way. He has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize plus Best of the Net Awards and is widely published in medical journals from Oberlin, Brown, Columbia, Virginia Commonwealth, Johns Hopkins, and Wesleyan; and in literary journals such as *Gargoyle*, *Main Street Rag*, *New Delta Review*, *MiPOesias*, *Blue Mountain Review*, *Canary Eco*, *Military Experience and the Arts*, *Brooklyn Review*, *San Francisco Magazine*, and *Los Angeles Review*. KADDISH FOR COUNTRY was selected for pamphlet distribution on Inauguration Day 2017 nationwide. "Amber Of Memory" was the single poem chosen for his 50th Harvard reunion Dylan symposium. Collections: *Homeless Chronicles* (2010), *Disputes* (2012), *17s* (2014), and *Melting the Ice King* (2016). Website: gerardsarnat.com

Paul Ferrell

A Letter to Your Distance

Risking only that we met once briefly. Bodies moving on and off a train. I spied with my bare hand the tender seam at the rear of your leg. You jerked back in your chair slightly. A blink of tension before you regained composure.

Small air. Cue the music.

Watching you watching something over my shoulder. Never shouldering the objects upon your shelf. Objects build tight teams bearing down through clouds and plunging into plumps of plumb belly ocean. Shadows dancing behind a screen. Once saw a couple dancing on top of a table and I could tell it was a lie. Your pose as thorny as a rose stemming from whatever arose through separate conversations.

We spread, seeking morning.

Fingerprints on a blue screen. Alien Film Stills. I do not sense factual evil. You are an actual artist. I propose that heartbreak is a form of collaboration. The vamp in my head I want to encamp inside your loose spin. We have all flushed interesting people deep into the ends of the ocean and with them, entire worlds that won't.

Worshipping you in such privacy that there is no way for you to remember.

High School Reunion

Regarding the rumor that I am dead; I am not dead. Gossip regarding the last time the trees hit middle age. It's summer. They still have their leaves, but the trees are growing skeptical. I feel sketchy, as in sketched in. The music is cool tonight.

I'm not quite grown up. I'm not quite ground up from the ground up. You still look like that same poolside mammal, tan, sipping from a glass of something orange and red, spinning a ball on your nose. You ask me what I've got going on. Well, I'm currently trying to get something off the ground. It's a cruise ship with paper wings.

I'm a director. I eat Neapolitan ice cream sandwiches for breakfast, concoct survival methods in restrooms while old men smoke in bars discussing the I.R.S. For the past few years I've been developing a project that consists solely of a single shot of myself having a seizure, sped up and looped.

You didn't see me at the reunion, or you didn't recognize me? I'm not quite grown up or ground up from the ground up, but I was there. I remember the whole gymnasium was pregnant with paranoia, no one trusted what anyone had to say. Kids? No. Married? No. But I love weddings and I hate funerals. Regarding the rumor that I am dead; I am

still alive and kiss it where it's sweetest. Didn't I make out with you inside of the trunk of a pine tree near the football field or was that a dream that I had last night? Yes, I still have dreams like that. They're like cruise ships with paper wings. Not quite ground up, but I will grow up one day to be just like you only different.

Hitchcock: Psycho

Prove you are not a robot. Abused by his contents under pressure. The last shot of a skull imposed upon a young man's face. It's easy to pretend that you don't care when sometimes you don't. The body is sensual and automatic. The look you gave me got me pregnant. A cluster of butterflies inside of my stomach.

He was a nihilist at ten. At nine he -----, His parents beat him to death. He returned to earth as a friendly ghost because anger stems from a lack of recognition.

Screaming as he imagines crowded streets. Stumbling down the staircase with veins slashed across his face and the floor rises to meet him. The director held the knife for the close ups because the world tends to crumble around us.

The road not taken is all the pain one needs. When the road that you choose crumbles in your fingers then the rage comes sudden in the silence of a morning shower. Murdered a spider in the shower with 1000 stomps. Pupils dilate and the water is emptied of the blood I feel.

“Prove you are not a robot,” he whispers. He strips her down upon the surface of a distant planet. When I pretend to punch you in the belly in line at the pharmacy it’s because around you I feel so far removed from violence that it feels ironic.

Eating Spumoni with Death

The ache you burn softly upon my body. The cold shaking bone rattle when you told me I looked young. I am the oldest I have ever been. I asked Death to name some of her favorite rappers from the 1990s. Sitting across the table holding her smooth white breath like a jerk. The left side of the table is like suicide and the other is the bad poetry of policemen. At some point you find yourself cornered and you drop your arms to the floor.

We place the elderly in their beds before the sun goes down. Each one of them is based upon a true story. Stay positive in this cold white of the sun. I rewrote this poem like a double agent sabotaging the coded language from his chest. On the other hand, life is short and we ache to get it right.

The kid in the newspaper was murdered for his stripes, his chains and his windpipe. We recall some of our favorite phrases of his and dissect them. The mood changes with an awkward chuckle. It's nice to share a dessert with someone and not have to talk about Rilke.

Paul Ferrell is a poet, comedian, and healthcare worker from the Midwest now living in Las Vegas. His work has been published in *Pank*, *Antinarrative Journal*, *Sand: Berlin's English Literary Journal*, and other periodicals. Writing about himself is one of his pet peeves, the other one being his basset hound, "Peeves".

J.S. MacLean

Philosophy

It is the ridge zone of ocean
dreaming of the tidal marsh
where sound is never seen.

A seed is what it is,
green as the malachite
laminating limestone cliffs.

It is what survival sees
within widening eyes
that have no choice.

A voice is what it is
or sound of the Owl
on the berm of dawn.

It is the step of magicians
within a gesture unseen
like scent on the wind.

A thought is what it is
that poses inside a frame
and foils the flow of time.

It is honesty in smartness;
to stroll upon the cumulous
you must step upon each one.

A pause to breathe is what it is
when you can't see past a turn
and feel an idea in your shoe.

The Borderline

Orchards sprout branches
to imitate roots
and ponder theories
consisting of bees
entangled in breeze.

Leaves open to sun
but fall into earth.
Rumors of shores come
on wind from beyond
where it all began.

Granite floats and drifts
on molten currents
recycling seafloors
and lands as sand
on infinite coasts.

We always return
carrying the sea
within our being,
down from the highlands,
forever between.

This littoral zone
we are drawn to cross
was spittle of birth.
How many footprints
can be washed away?

Rags of the Fisherman

The rags remember
ripping in the wind,
snagging on a shore,
and the wring of water.

The bear recalls
having both eyes,
bleeding stuffing,
and the clutch of dreamers.

The fisherman
feels the last bite,
the taste of struggle,
the wish to leap
in each breeze
from the horizon
across the channel
to the fabric of land.

J.S. MacLean has been writing poetry since the early '70s with two collections: *Molasses Smothered Lemon Slices* and *Infinite Oarsmen for one* available on Amazon. He has had over 150 poems published in journals and magazines in Canada, USA, Ireland, UK, France, Israel, India, Thailand, and Australia. He enjoys the outdoors, and indoors too. In 2007 he won *THIS Magazine's* Great Canadian Literary Hunt in Poetry (1st Prize). He strives for the lyrical and hopes for the accidental. He lives in Calgary, Alberta.

DS MaoLaLai

the smell brings us in:

fried chicken
burned in the pan,
blasted with fire
next to eggs—
i'm hungover
and it's a strange
incestuous scent, but
we're all famished
and jack certainly
knows his way
around a kitchen.

there's something like
cinnamon
in there,
and butter
to grease a windmill.
coffee too,
hot as boiled water
and tea,
cooler
because aidan likes his milk.

we are all chewing
when the dog turns up
outside the window—it shits
in the garden, panics
and scampers away
when we stand up
to get a look.

this
is jack's house. it's he
who'll have to deal with the cleaning.
i sit down
with aidan
and finish my breakfast
before the smell of sick dog
swoops in and spoils things.

the dog is beautiful, though.
one of those lassie ones,
looking like a wolf
with a tail up
and bright eyes
and fur,
thick as chickenfeathers.

whipping winter

young,
bulletproof
and not yet bald,
i sit
at a kitchen table
scratching out words
from winespill.
i work
5 days
each week
sending maintenance men
to banks
and broken toilets,
and sometimes going out
an evening
just to walk
the road
to ribbons,
catch the air
like an inflated
kite,
savage.

DS Maolalai is a poet from Ireland and a graduate of English Literature from Trinity College in Dublin. His first collection, *Love Is Breaking Plates in the Garden*, was published in 2016 by Encircle Press, and he has a second collection forthcoming in 2019 from Turas Press. His work has appeared in numerous periodicals including *Ariadne's Thread*, *The Eunoia Review*, *Kerouac's Dog*, and *The Belleville Park Pages*. He's been nominated for the Best of the Web and twice for The Pushcart Prize.

F.C. Malby

Lavender

The door opens and a small face appears around the edge of it, long golden locks of hair and a half smile. It is a little girl. She looks at me as though waiting for a response but I don't know what to say. I smile and beckon her in. She steps around the door, one shoe lace unravelled, holding a plate of something; steam rises.

"Hello," I say. She nods and sets it down on the table next to me, moves my old mug of tea, replaces it with a knife, a fork and a spoon. There is soup in a bowl. It looks like tomato but smells of basil. The plate next to it has some white fish and a few sprigs of broccoli; smells of the sea, reminds me of gulls swooping and of kites dipping, swirling and lifting into the wind, some ending up in the sand. I remember hearing children screaming with laughter, parents buying ice creams.

She fills a glass with water, sets it down on the tray. "Fish. It's fish," she insists, her eyebrows rising. The mottled brown of her eyes holds my gaze. "You had meat yesterday. Mum says you need variety." I nod and pass her some lavender, hold it under her nose. She breathes in deeply, closes her eyes. I remember running through fields of lavender, remember my brother chasing me. "It's lovely," she says. "They were from Aunty Maureen, from her garden." I nod.

She walks over to the wireless, turns the volume up: Vivaldi's Four Seasons. I remember an interview at a new school, the headmaster asking what my favourite piece of music might be. I said something about the variety of tempo and the rising notes of spring. He had nodded and given me a place.

"Come outside with me?" she asks. "When you've finished your lunch?"

"I'd like that," I say, and I smile, wondering why she is giving me the time.

"Do you want me to help you eat today?" she asks. I hand her the spoon.

We sit in silence for a while as she moves the spoon between the bowl and my lips; the metal becoming hotter each time, the soup warming my insides. Her other hand is on my knee, as though helping her to balance. Her face is round, her flesh is shiny and pink at the cheeks. She is pretty, her features look familiar: Her eyes, her chin. There is a small dimple on one side of her face when she smiles. I want to give her a hug, it feels natural but I don't know if it will make her feel uncomfortable. She doesn't know me.

"I like the soup," I say. She looks up, smiles. "And I rather like you," I finish.

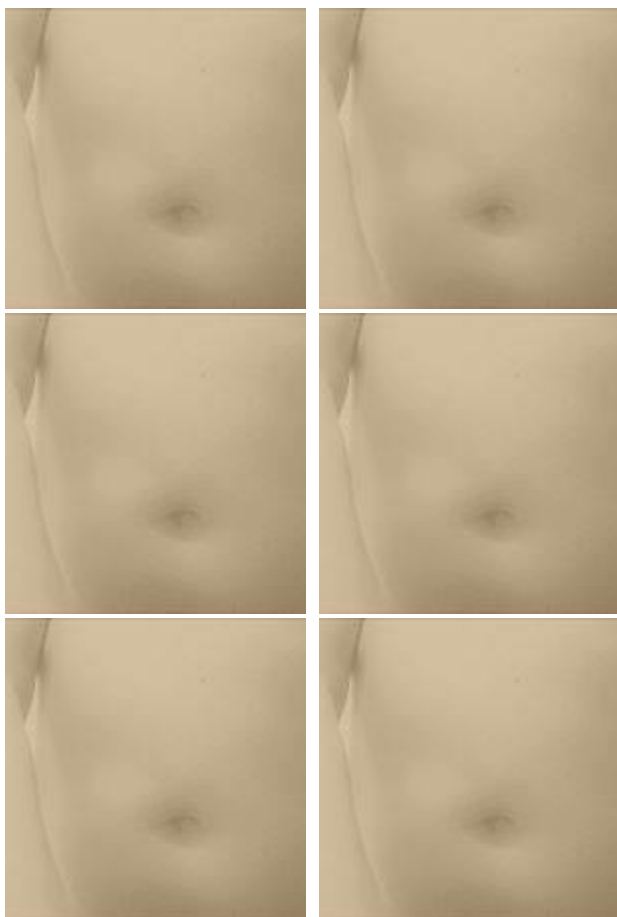
"You look better today," she says, and I wonder how I was yesterday and what she means. I feel fine. I am content. My room is bright with windows that take my gaze out to more flowers, beyond the lavender, and trellises full of pink roses. I have food that tastes sumptuous and a little girl who seems happy to be with me. Even on my own, I feel at ease. There is a feeling of peace when I wake, of a life that has been full, although I don't remember the detail. The photos on the wall tell me there are people I have loved and places I have been. One is a picture of me by the pyramids with a man. His eyes look like the little girl's. He is smiling, one arm draped around a women's shoulders, the other holding her hand, possibly mine when I was younger. I look happy. My frame is smaller and my skin, tighter.

"I liked him," she says, her eyes glancing at the picture. "He was fun, always going fishing." I nod but I do not remember and don't know why. "Grandpa?" she says and turns to look at me. Her eyes search mine. I give her a cross stitch picture of lavender flowers I have made. I think I made it.

“Grandpa,” she says again. She takes the fabric. “It’s really pretty, Grandma. Is it for me?” I nod and wonder why she calls me Grandma. Her curls bounce as she talks. She strokes the lavender. “I wish they smelt like the real ones,” she says. “Maybe we can make a lavender cushion?” I nod and smile.

F.C. Malby lived in Vienna, Austria, for eight years and previously worked as a portrait photographer and a teacher. She has travelled widely, teaching English in the Czech Republic, in slum communities in the Philippines and in London, UK. She is a contributor to *Unthology 8* and *Hearing Voices: The Litro Anthology of New Fiction*. Her debut short story collection, *My Brother Was a Kangaroo*, includes award-winning stories, and her debut novel, *Take Me to the Castle*, won The People's Book Awards. Her short fiction has been longlisted in The New Writer Magazine Annual Prose and Poetry Prizes by David Gaffney, and won the Litro Magazine Environmental Disaster Fiction competition. Her stories have also been widely published both online and in print. Her website can be found at fcmalby.com

Sixsquare — **Andreas Gripp**



Flower Child — **Andreas Gripp**



Life Is Grand — **Andreas Gripp**



The Blues — **Andreas Gripp**



April Bulmer

The Colour Purple

When I was a child of three, I remember my father lying in an ambulance. He had been travelling icy roads in Northern Ontario with a friend, both pedalling lines of furniture to a store in Blind River. An oil tanker jackknifed and slammed into their Chrysler on a narrow highway. My father was severely injured. The tender flesh of his face fell away from its bones, he broke his ankle and the rib that arched over the pond of his heart. I remember him later in his master bedroom. He often called to me for comfort and succour. His cheek was purple and packed with gauze. The cast on his leg a plaster burden I scribbled upon with crayons.

Fish

Age 16, Jamaica, my pale body. Mom her salve. My heart
an orchid bloomed in light. Later, the moon moored on the
horizon, a forth and rock. Its sails luffing. Time a stain on
the shore: tide its rhythm. One night, my mind was a cast
pole: dreams hooked and bleeding. The ocean contracted,
her great hips pushed. She delivered God, His gills torn. But
soft body, still damp and breathing.

The poems by **April Bulmer** in this issue are excerpts from her manuscript *A Poet's Journal* for which she received Ontario Arts Council funding. April's newest book of poetry is entitled *Out of Darkness, Light* (Hidden Brook Press, John B. Lee Signature Series, 2018). She lives in Cambridge, Ontario. Contact her at april.poet@bell.net

Kenneth Salzmann

Delete

Delete would seem to be the best
option, perhaps even the default

position in matters of housekeeping
to tidy up my contact list and reduce

the clutter that results from a growing
body of ostensible contacts I haven't

spoken with or reached out to or touched
in weeks or months or years, not since

they left this life, this world, and became
the unlikeliest of contacts, forever now

a part of my history, but not of tomorrow's
conversation about the saxophone solo

that opened the second set at *Mister C's* last night,
or a novel newly translated from the Portuguese.

Delete would seem to be the best option
for putting behind me the momentary grief

that forever flows up and over me each time
I scroll through the names and happen upon

a lingering listing for a now-silent friend,
but in the end it seems the harshest of choices

and I decide that my connections along the way
are rare enough that they deserve to be preserved

for now. I'll leave it to someone left behind
me to find my contact list, maybe hesitate

briefly, and then, resolutely, press *delete*.

Kenneth Salzmänn's poetry has appeared in *Child of My Child: Poems and Stories for Grandparents, Beloved on the Earth: 150 Poems of Grief and Gratitude* and *Riverine: An Anthology of Hudson Valley Writers*. His most recent book is *The Last Jazz Fan and Other Poems*, available on Amazon. He lives in Woodstock, New York, and Ajijic, Mexico, with his wife, editor Sandi Gelles-Cole.

Penn Kemp

All for Art

The photographer takes me down to the river,
my favourite spot. I dress up, thinking to just
stand by the bank and recite a poem while he

shoots. But no, he wants me by the water so
we scramble down the steep bank, brushing
back willow branches. He holds them back,

grinning: "I won't let them snap till you're
past." "Do you happen to have sisters?" I
ask, recognizing the temptation he resists.

The scene at water's edge is idyllic, replete
with Asian fisherman on the opposite bank,
an ancient sycamore bone white in the water,

raccoon tracks in the clay mud. Above us,
cottonwood shimmers, alive with twittering
pine warblers on the move north. Canada
geese follow the flight path the river clears.

For such an immersive experience, standing
on the edge won't do. I offer to wade in,
rolling up my pants like Huckleberry Finn,
giving my all for Art as always. Early May,

but the water's not freezing. Book in hand,
I read poem upon poem while the cameraman
creates a kaleidoscopic swirl of imagery from
sky reflected rippling in water, soft new greens.

Happy to be a kid with the boys again, I
scuttle back up the bank, accepting a kind
hand. Back on the path, I point out birds

but neglect to notice the pit that last week's
flood dug out of the trail. Once again, I am
levelled with the elements, sprawled against
the earth, facing stony silence after the crash.

The fall so fast but slow the rise, humbly slow.
The stumble home in shock, strained restraint.

My bad knee scraped, the other ankle turned
unseemly. Now I watch their lovely video,
foot iced and bound, swollen and pounding.

When the photographer calls, I relay my state
of sprain. "Ah," he says, "Since you were in-
jured in the service of the River Project, you
can call your fall Performance Art." Well.

It's been done before, you know, labelling
The Fall. So we are escorted out of Eden,
so we transmute blessing into *blessor*, to
wound. When we have gone beyond our
bounds, we are bound to be bound but not

gagged. What limit will lift over the edge
from tension to attention? Attention to where
the videopoem starts with a poem's first line—

"I will bring you to the brink..."

Our Heads in Old Sand

The scene confirms our
worst fears—that things
are not what they seem.

A lurid summer postcard
allures tourists to false security
where nothing is safe.

Sinkholes drop us down
over our heads into
undertows of memory.

We are lifted high, flailing
astonished into the past, caught
by divers, diverse diviners.

Frantic, we fall through
streams of light, swirling blind,
gasping, riding the wave back

to when weekend fathers taught
us how to swim by plunging us
off the raft and mothers watched

benignly from the beach in those
far-off days when the river was
fit to be swum.

My rant runs along the river in
long twilight along the shore, a
migratory route for warblers
alighting in cottonwood, a trill

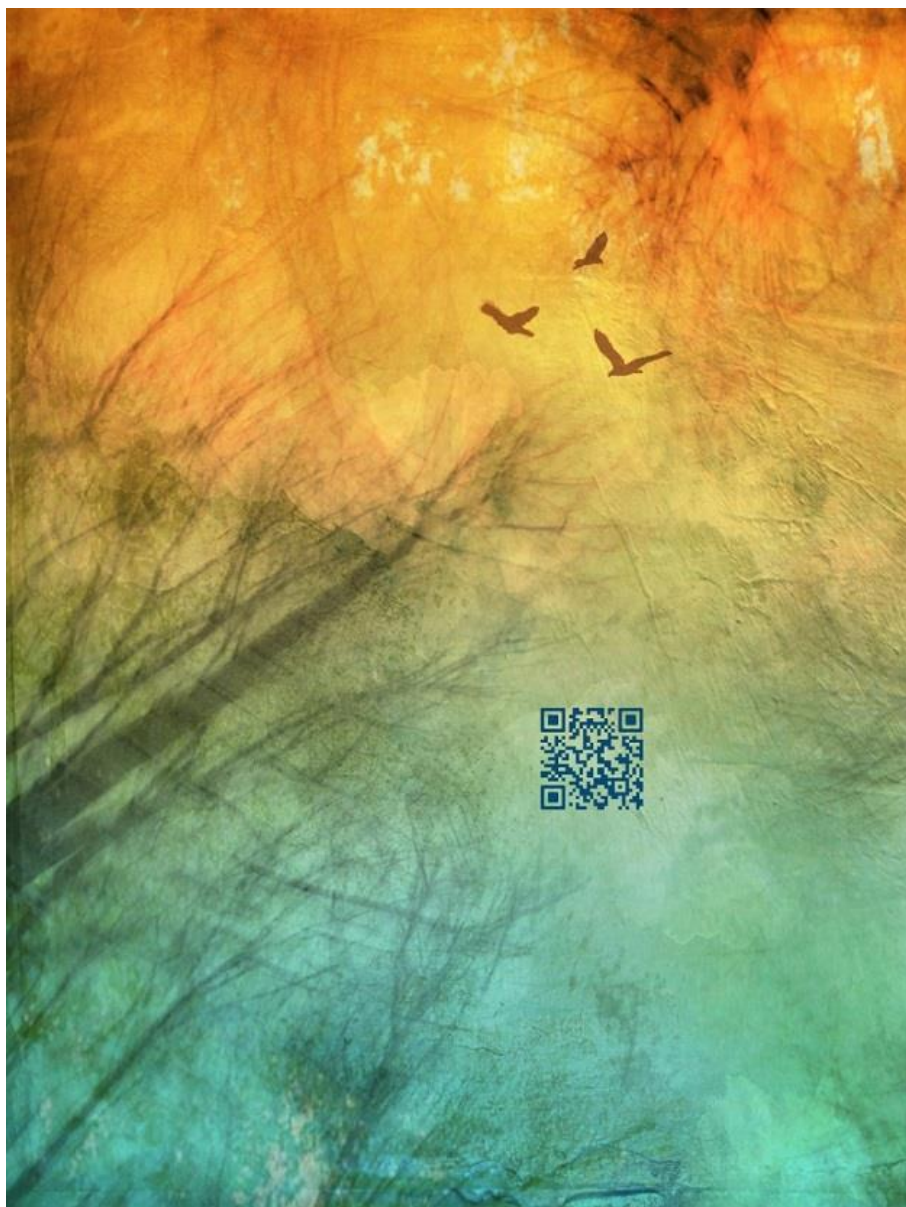
unknown we cannot now locate
since sound is not where sight is
and the willows are leafing out.

Leaving out the paw-tracked mud,
the grocery cart obliterated by win-
-ter storm back to origin, a mess of
twisted rust like an old fishing weir.

The current courses by standing waves,
standing in momentary eddies against
momentum.

Penn Kemp is a poet, performer and playwright, lauded as a “one-woman literary industry” while London’s inaugural Poet Laureate (2010-2012) and Western’s Writer-in-Residence (2009-2010). Her newest books of poetry are *Local Heroes* (Insomniac Press, April 2018) and *Fox Haunts* (Aeolus House, September 2018). Two new plays published in 2017 about local hero Teresa Harris followed her previous releases from Quattro Books, *Barbaric Cultural Practice* and *Jack Layton: Art in Action*. The two poems in this issue of *Synaeresis*, along with Penn's multimedia collaboration with artist Mary McDonald on www.riverrevery.ca, will be published as *River Revery* by Insomniac Press in the Autumn of 2019. See www.pennkemp.weebly.com for more on Penn and her work.

Believe — Mary McDonald



Wishing Well— Mary McDonald



A Trick of Light — Mary McDonald



Here — Mary McDonald



Mary McDonald is a London-based writer and multimedia artist, passionate about community participation in art and the ways in which technology can bring art into community and natural spaces. Her multidisciplinary practice encompasses photography and video montage, stop-motion animation, installation, performance writing, music, and community participatory projects. Her augmented reality (AR) work brings multimedia art into the historic and natural spaces of the community. Mary has been awarded a City of London's Community Arts Investment Program grant by the London Arts Council for her current collaboration, *River Revery*, with poet Penn Kemp. *River Revery* commingles Kemp's poetry with Mary's visual art and short animation films, as well as community participation. Mary's photography is currently on exhibit in London galleries. In 2018, her single-channel installation, *Reveries and Truths*, was featured at the Visual Fringe in London. Her augmented reality collaboration with Penn Kemp, *The Dream Life of Teresa Harris*, was exhibited at London's historic Eldon House during July, 2018. Her work has appeared in such publications as *The New Quarterly* and *Ocassus*, and her play, "13 inches of closet space" was produced as part of the 2017 London One Act Festival. Mary has an upcoming video poem collaboration with Syrian poet, Mohamad Kebbewar and Serbian-born poet, Natasha Boskic.

Each piece of art published here in *Synaeresis* links to short animation films via the QR codes that are part of and embedded within the artwork. www.marymcdonald.ca

Daun Daemon

In the Beauty Shop, 1963–2006

in the morning

before the first customer of the day appeared
and Mama opened up the shop

the air was clear, freshened by the scent
of cleaning the night before

throughout the day

first one, then another, then another of Mama's ladies
entered the shop for a cut or a color or a perm

most were regulars who could and did tell Mama
the stories no one else could know

mean husbands, female troubles, money problems
their numbing jobs at the cotton mill

their pain rose into the air and set up there,
trapped in the thick hairspray fog

by late afternoon

the mist settled onto the linoleum floor,
a sticky layer of women's words

before closing the shop, Mama washed it away
with Pine Sol and a string mop.

Earworm

the melody catches
on your lobe as it travels by,
first pleasant enough
to whistle to, or hum
as you wash the dishes

it stays, an unwelcome caroler
at your door, singing its ditty
over and over in your head,
becomes a stinging winged insect
or a spiny thing inside the ear —
a tumbling sea urchin
or a short-beaked echidna
burrowing to lay its eggs

a pillow doesn't snuff the thing,
rhapsodic and bohemian,
doesn't bring dreams that quiet
its buzzing nor still its tumbling,
its burrowing, its incessant,
maddeningly loud and thrumming
corkscrewing into your brain

remedies to drive it away —
watch television, chew gum, belt
another ridiculous song out loud —
don't quiet its persistent melody

you long to think, think, think,
think about anything but *the song*

then it's gone

it wiggled out, swam away,
flew off on its own volition,
walked right out of your ear
and into the air, possibly to find
a more welcoming lobe
to catch on

Daun Daemon's stories have appeared in *Fiction Fix*, *Southern Women's Review*, *The Dead Mule*, *Literally Stories*, *the Same*, and other journals. She has recently published poetry in the *Haiku Journal*, *Typishly*, *Night Garden Journal*, and *Dime Show Review*. Her poem "I hear her voice calling" won the Origami Poems 2017 Kindness Contest. She teaches scientific communication at NC State University and lives in Raleigh, North Carolina, with her husband and four cats.

Sandy Coomer

A Dream

I awoke to an answered question – Thoreau

My lover is a fish—

his belly iridescent in the sun,
his mouth a dark cave,
his eyes, two coins that never stop staring.

The stream is full of tumbled rocks

split from upstream boulders.
Rushes line the low bank and a garter snake
coils in the shade. I stand knee deep,

the tugging current like a sentence that needs saying.

My lover's gills churn a watery breath
and from his throat, nothing but the sound
of shattering glass.

We layer our lives

with the songs of crickets and tree frogs.
We open our mouths to a basalt sky,
tracing a road map of scars with our tongues.

The water is cold and my feet are numb.

My lover shifts, all shimmer and fin.
He watches me from his pebble bed,
stirring the sand with his glossy tail.

I scoop him with a net, toss him

to the grass and let the dry air sting
his throat until he heaves truth. Words fall
from his broken mouth like sparks from a fire,

and finally, an awakening.

Facts about Lightning

To the five hundred people struck
last year, a poem is the last thing
you want to read, but please indulge me.
Let's talk about fingers and nerve endings
and how we know language by the way
words feel in our mouths. This poem is about
intense attraction. Don't make me say

flash or streak or buzz.

I will say

razor and feather and ricochet –
demonstrate how passion rewires neurons
the same way flames leap across fields.

We saw the clouds tumbling in the west
before the omen that was our voices traveled
at one-third the speed of light –
all two hundred million volts of it.
We saw the damage, the flashover
we'd do to our polarized bodies.
There is a dark cave inside our ribs
that has no name except

vacant and energy and after-burn.

We are dangerous together. We know that.
We know that silence after a flare
creates a certain pattern of scars – like
tree limbs or a sentence diagram.
There's no need to discuss it anymore –
the plasma trail, the bursting blood vessels.
We look at our hands and know
what they're capable of. We know
what they've already done.

Sandy Coomer is a poet and artist living in Brentwood, Tennessee. Her poetry has been published in numerous journals and anthologies, and she is the author of three poetry chapbooks, including the most recent, *Rivers Within Us* (Unsolicited Press). A full length collection, *Available Light*, will be published in 2019 by Iris Press. She is a previous winner of the Janice Keck Literary Award for Poetry. Sandy is the founding editor of the online poetry journal *Rockvale Review*, the curator of the ekphrastic poetry project *20/20 Vision: a Poetic Response to Photography*, and the founder and director of Rockvale Writers' Colony, located in College Grove, TN. She is a teacher, a seeker, a dreamer, and an explorer. Her favorite word is "Believe." www.sandycoomer.com

Cassandra Cervi

Frailty, Thy Name is Woman

A woman in pain is
a shapeshifter.

Her sick body is transformed
into nothing but hormones and hysteria.

Her mind becomes
imaginings and illusions.

If the pain makes her irritable,
she morphs into
a creature, a demon, a
bitch that haunts the night.

So, she is forced to pull together
the marred contortions
of her breaking and unattended body
and build herself a new one from the pieces.

A body of marble:
soft for onlookers, but harder to break.

Bare Hands

It's Christmas and my Nonna
has filled her house with the
smell of warm tomato sauce,
the sound of last-minute kitchen panic.
She reaches into the oven with her bare hands
to get the lasagna in front of her family
without the delay of finding oven mitts.
She is unfazed by the heat,
her hands have been made leather
by years of rushed Christmas lasagnas.

It's Tuesday and my Nonna's
perfume is fighting the smell of hospital sterility,
her crooning, waging a losing war against
the room's croaks and groans.
Her hands, that once held fire,
become feathers
stroking the panic from her husband's temples,
to coax his mind back to her.

I am face down in a
saltwater-stained pillow.
My mother's hands,
simultaneously rough and soft,
trace circles on my heaving shoulders.

They are small, but every part of me feels
their touch.

She has her mother's hands.

It's the day after the funeral and my Nonna's house
is haunted by her lover's name.

Her perfectly manicured nails
are caked in soil

from the garden that used to be his.

She had been digging

for the roots that she lost when we buried him.

I am in a bar,

and a man that I don't know is

comparing the size of his hand to mine.

He seems pleased at how small my hands are.

He calls them "dainty,"

which hits my ear like a fire alarm.

When he sees my hands,

he sees petite,

unassuming.

He sees a woman that covers her mouth

so not to be indecent,

one who makes herself smaller to let him be big,

a stick that holds up a tomato plant while it

grows around it.

He has not seen

my Nonna's hands.

Her wrinkles and scars and callouses are cobblestone
streets leading her back home.

Her fingers have carved her will into
the creases of her wallpaper,
the dirt of her garden.

Her knuckles never resisted a fight;
her palms never flinched from fire.

I have her hands.

They are not dainty.

Cassandra Cervi is currently a Master's student in Media, Journalism and Communications at Western University in London, Ontario, and presently works as the Marketing Director of Food Support Services, Western's on-campus food bank. Cassandra has also served as the President of both Western's Debate Society and the Canadian Universities Society of Intercollegiate Debate. Cassandra's work has been published in *Pip Magazine*, *The Feminine Collective*, *Beautiful Losers*, and *The Impressment Gang*. Website: cassandracervi.wordpress.com

Gale Acuff

Precocious

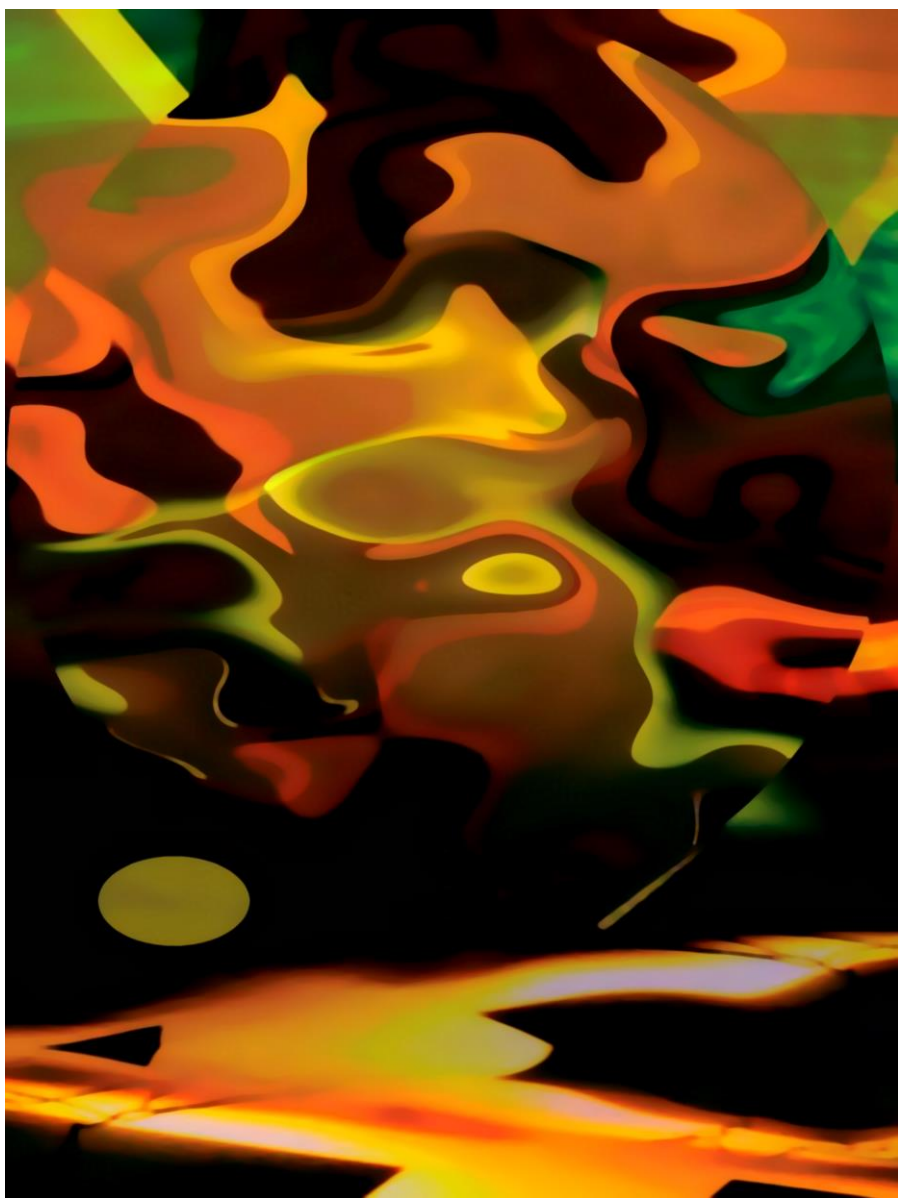
My sister's got a ruptured appendix.
Whatever that is. She lies in her bed
and I'm not allowed to see her. *She's too weak*, Mother says. *In a few days, maybe.*
Her door is shut and I'm afraid to open
it so I look through the keyhole to see
what I can see. There she is, sleeping, with
dark half-coins under her eyes. Or she's dead
but somehow I think I'd know. I could tell—
I could feel it. If I had that feeling
now I could run tell Mother but she'd think
I opened the door to go in and see.
So I'd say, *No ma'am, I did not—I was
looking through the keyhole—you didn't say
I couldn't. So I didn't disobey.*
Not really. At least not much. Not a lot.
Would she punish me? Maybe not. She'd be
too upset that her daughter's newly dead
but I wouldn't be proud of it, looking
through the keyhole, I mean, like I am now
—looking and proud that I'm getting away
with murder. And even if she spansks me
how hard will it be? Maybe she'll let up
because she'll be afraid that she might kill
me when she's already out one child.

I haven't even started first grade yet but
I'm smart for my age. It's called *precocious*.
That means that I'm too smart for my own good
and will grow up to be a criminal
or a lawyer. But why can't I be both?

Reconciliation

Mother picks me up from Sunday School. She doesn't go to church herself. *It's sexist*, she says. *Still, there are some good things for you.* Yes, I say—doughnuts and orange juice after. *I mean morals*, she says, driving away with me in the back seat. Father's dead so Mother sits in his place to drive, of course, but I won't sit in hers. She's my chauffeur, in a way. Out of nowhere I say, God is a father, too. I see her looking at me in the rear-view mirror. *Indeed*, she says, and laughs. One day I'll be one, too, I say. *One what*, she asks, watching traffic. A father, I say. I'll be a father one day. She flicks the right-hand turn signal and pulls over. She unhooks her safety belt and turns to me. *Yes*, she sighs. *A good one, too.* I start to cry. *Stop that*, she says. I can't help it, I say—it's not just me. She turns and refastens her belt. *Where to*, she asks. Our home, I say. *Yes sir*, she says.

Gale Acuff has had poetry published in *Ascent*, *McNeese Review*, *Adirondack Review*, *Florida Review*, *Slant*, *Poem*, *Carolina Quarterly*, *Arkansas Review*, *South Dakota Review*, and many other journals. He has three books of poetry published by BrickHouse Press: *Buffalo Nickel*, *The Weight of the World*, and *The Story of My Lives*. He's taught English in universities in the United States, China, and presently teaches at the Arab American University in Zababdeh, Palestine.





Light Over An Unknown World — **Derik Hawley**



Derik Hawley is an Artist, Writer and Composer who lives in Oakville, Ontario. His visual artwork is focused on developing new techniques for Digital Images and exploring raised gesso. www.derikhawley.com

For the Winemaker's Son — **Andreas Gripp**



Peter Baltensperger

Living With Darkness

The ancient cemetery at the edge of the city, or at least what used to be the edge of the city before it expanded way past its original boundaries, had been abandoned long ago and had been neglected ever since. Once the relatives of the buried people died off themselves, nobody looked after the graves anymore, and the city didn't consider it its responsibility. Yet it was a beautiful place to visit, with the once-young trees towering above the weather-worn tombstones, full bushes adding greenery and pleasant scents everywhere, multicoloured flowers growing all over and between the long rows of graves. Not many people remembered the cemetery anymore, so it was always very quiet and peaceful among the old graves, a perfect place to meditate and reflect on the interminable cycles of life and death.

Sequoia Finster went to the cemetery every evening, as long as the weather was good enough, not because she had any relatives buried there but because it was practically next to her building and she derived a deep sense of tranquility from the surroundings. She felt a depth of peace and inner quietude emanating from the presence of the dead, and never failed to touch their graves as she walked leisurely by. Sometimes she wished she would see a ghost or at least some apparition, but the

cemetery kept to itself and slept through all her wishful daydreams. Yet she was quite content with the way she lived her life, ghosts or apparitions or not.

She never gave much thought to the dead in the graves, what they might be doing in their final resting places. She didn't imagine they were doing anything other than decay, especially in a cemetery as old as the one she liked. It never occurred to her that they might have a life of their own, preoccupied with her own as she was.

Prototype Model GF17B visited the cemetery every evening himself as well, but later than Sequoia and for a very different reason. They never met each other on their evening outings. He had found out after doing some research that a distant uncle of his, or at least of his creator, was buried there and he wanted to find out more. It took him quite a bit of time to find the grave, with the stones and the inscriptions having eroded over the decades. Yet, thanks to his special computerized vision, he was finally able to make out the name and the dates of birth and death of his uncle. He rejoiced. He had finally found a connection to the planet of his own birth.

He sat down beside the old place of burial and started to talk to his long-deceased uncle, telling him about himself,

asking him questions, providing him with the news of the modern world. He wasn't expecting any kind of answers or responses, yet his uncle was actually sitting next to him by the grave the whole time and contributed to the conversation. He told him how the dead were able to leave the graves, go for evening walks, and chat with each other about anything they desired.

As they were talking, a number of the other inhabitants materialized above ground, formed into couples or small groups, and went about their business of taking in the fresh air and exchanging their thoughts and emotions. Prototype Model GF17B was impressed. He had never thought of cemeteries like that. He tried to talk to some of the walkers but they ignored him as if he wasn't there. "They can't hear you," the uncle explained, "only one another and their relatives." Still, it was a memorable experience he would never forget. He was thrilled. He had no idea that dead people were able to communicate at all.

One evening the uncle and his nephew walked a bit further than they usually did and came to a gate they had never seen before. The gate was open and they stepped through it, only to find themselves in the modern cemetery the city had built right next to their forgotten burial place. The new

cemetery was completely empty, nobody walking around anywhere, and everything completely still. They walked up and down between the graves for a while, the uncle never forgetting to touch each one with his hand.

The uncle walked up to one of the random graves that happened to catch his attention, and whispered down to its occupants that they really could come out and go for a walk. It took a while for anyone to respond, but then one after the other of the inhabitants surfaced from the ground, looked curiously at the uncle and his nephew, then around at all their neighbors. Before long, they all mingled with one another, divided into small groups and couples, and walked out into the open spaces to breathe freely and chat. Of course they didn't have to worry about the weather, although they talked about it enough on their walks, but then there wasn't all that much else to talk about. They had no interests in economics or politics, or philosophical ramifications since none of that influenced them or their lives at all. The weather, of course, was an entirely different thing even though they were dead.

They were able to be outside and walk around in the pouring rain, in thunderstorms, in blizzards, in snow storms. Nothing fazed them in their state of being.

Most of the time, they just talked about themselves, their past lives, the lives in their graves. By then, of course, they had much more to talk about.

By the next evening, the uncle recruited some of the denizens from his own cemetery to come and see what they had discovered. There was quite a reunion by those long buried and those recently dead, many of whom knew each other from way back, and the general conversation became livelier as the night wore on. Interesting connections formed between the groups from the two different cemeteries, with all of them having their own particular stories to tell.

One woman in one of the graves never stirred. She had just gone through a lengthy period of listening to the worms and the insects chewing up her body and leaving her with her cleaned skeleton. She didn't want to be seen like that. Yet she also realized that she felt much freer and lighter without her whole body around her, and the conversation above ground did seem to be very inviting. She gritted her teeth, gathered up her courage, and willed herself out of her grave. She felt she had to change her routine sooner or later, and her skeletal state seemed to be the best time. Once she kept looking at herself a bit more carefully, she grew quite proud of her bony appearance.

Nobody paid any particular attention to her. There were, of course, other skeletons milling about, and nobody made a fuss about them. But then a very handsome and well-shaped male skeleton walked up to her, introduced himself and asked her if he could accompany her. She quite readily agreed, not having been with anyone in all those years, and he quickly led her to her grave. She gasped when she realized the full impact of what she had initiated, but the man simply pulled her down into her own darkness and the two of them made themselves comfortable in a lavishly upholstered and decorated coffin. They squeezed each other as hard as they could, but the man was always afraid that he might break the woman's bones, although she showed with her own embraces that she was quite sturdy and he didn't have to worry about her. They spent many a beautiful night and many days together in the privacy of her grave.

Once the two skeletons had set an example, more and more of the grave dwellers seemed to pair up and surreptitiously disappear into each other's coffins. It was certainly a better life than they had before, and the socializing at night contributed greatly to their own peace and tranquility and the stability of their minds.

One single woman who couldn't find a companion and

wasn't particularly interested in sharing a coffin went to the uncle to ask him for advice. The uncle thought for a minute and looked around the graveyard, then called a single man to join them. "You have an empty grave next to yours?" he asked. "Indeed I have," the other answered. "Has been empty ever since I came." He and his wife had made detailed preparations when they reached their fifties and started to panic. But then she left him and was buried with someone else, somewhere else—he didn't know or care.

"How would that be?" the uncle asked. "That would be fine," the woman said, "but I need a coffin. I can't just live in an empty grave."

The uncle pointed to a pile of empty coffins accumulating in a corner of the cemetery. They were probably left there, he mused, when people didn't show up for their funerals, or came to life shortly before, or the relatives just didn't like the coffin. In any case, they were there and nobody was doing anything with them. The uncle advised the woman to pick one she liked and then simply climb into it.

After a few minutes, the woman made up her mind, climbed into the coffin, and it slid across the ground at top speed and disappeared in the empty grave. The woman

reappeared and laughed. "Perfect," she said. "That's just perfect for me." The two of them quickly learned to get along with each other, even though they had their own places of entombment, and soon came to share the double grave that had suddenly come into their possession.

When the time came for Sequoia to die her own death, she wanted nothing better than to be buried in the old cemetery. But that was, of course, a foregone impossibility. Her relatives had her buried near the front of the new cemetery, too close to the road, too close to the noise, and she was as unhappy as she could be. During one of the first nights after her funeral, the dirt on her grave was only just beginning to settle, and she left it to see what she could find out on her own.

She wandered around the cemetery without quite knowing what to do when she ran into the uncle and started to pour her heart out to him. He told her that he actually had a very large casket of his own. He used to be a large man and his relatives didn't hold back to give him the best funeral and the most comfortable coffin they could possibly get. He was sure there would be enough room for both of them.

When he took her to his grave in the old cemetery and she

actually saw his coffin, she screamed with delight, cuddled herself into the thick, rich upholstery and stretched out lusciously. The uncle spread out alongside her and there was indeed plenty of room. "A bit careful, please," the uncle cautioned. "This is also my bed, you know." Sequoia blushed, apologized profusely, then suddenly realized what she hadn't grasped on her nocturnal walks. There was a deeply spiritual aspect to life underground and in the shared coffins. "Are we really ...," "Really, are we ...?" The uncle smiled wistfully at her. "We'll see," he said, almost with half a promise, half a kind of caution.

Sequoia wrapped her excited arms around his skeletal body and squeezed him to her as hard as she could. He, in turn, wrapped his skeletal arms around her still luscious body. She was a very beautiful woman, even in death. She was absolutely thrilled by the mutual embrace and the kind of tremors that shuddered through the spiritual part of her being. She had found her new home, where she had always wanted it to be, and a new companion at the same time. The uncle was the best she could have found, and eternity was a long time.

Peter Baltensperger was a Canadian poet and writer of Swiss origin and the author of ten books of various genres. His work appeared in several hundred print and on-line publications around the world over the past few decades, including *Afterthoughts* (the predecessor to *Synaeresis*). He lived in London, Ontario with his wife Viki and their four cats and two dogs. The founder of *Moonstone Press*, his most recent writings, aside from the story that appears here, were published in the 1st and 3rd issues of *Synaeresis*. He passed away after a valiant battle against cancer on November 28, 2018. This issue is dedicated to his memory.



Erik Fuhrer

Ode to the Apocalypse 3

You
have many names
tectonic plate
earthquake
rutabaga root

Your consciousness swings from the galaxial lamppost
not a star not a sun not even the mouth of God unfolding
let there be light

A convention of the body is that all parts
will at some point sleep
You are a feast of painful silences
enfolding everywhere as subtly as an insect

You undo the impossible stroke of my body
so that I am but a sponge soaking up my own sea

I am apprehensive about the future
standing in front of you
who balled up the night and fed it to me like a pill
a curse
a placebo
I swallowed

Ode to the Apocalypse 4

You

a lit match on the vaulted grass on the side of highway 80
smoldering like my eye when you are the beheld

See beauty is not a virtue when the body
is a cigarette butt resting in your lips
next to your onioned tongue unraveled

You

a bee buzzing in my mouth yet I refuse to unpress my lips
because there is something about this swellsting
that makes my heartbleat

You

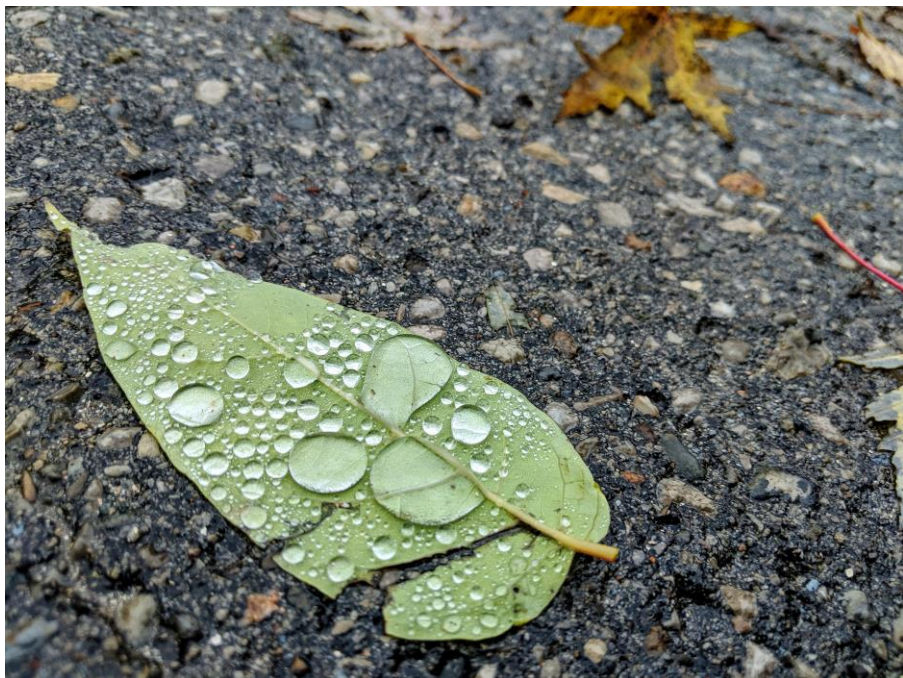
an echo without a responder

You

the last responder when the body is doused by the river
and the only breath left calls out your name

Erik Fuhrer holds an MFA from the University of Notre Dame. His work has recently appeared, or is forthcoming, in *Maudlin House*, *Crack the Spine*, *Ghost City Press*, *Cleaver*, and *Lotus Eater*. Website: erik-fuhrer.com

Green Leaf — Carmi Levy



Brown Leaf — Carmi Levy



Leaving Vegas: Plateau — Carmi Levy



Leaving Vegas: Lake Mead — **Carmi Levy**



Geese Taking Flight, Port Stanley — **Carmi Levy**



F-15 Eagles — Carmi Levy



CF-18 Turning — Carmi Levy



Carmi Levy is a London-based technology analyst, journalist, digital marketer, cyclist, husband and father. He bought his first SLR as a teenager in the hope that it would help him tell richer stories. He's been sticking his lens in all sorts of places ever since. Find his work at <https://www.instagram.com/carmilevy/>

David Stones

Nails

There are the nails
that bind our houses
with their iron thread

that sew us together
with their rusty rivers of trust
behind our steel grey walls.

And there are the nails
of the rail yards

the coolies' spikes
that divide and join
with the vast disinterest
of clouds
soundlessly drifting
over meadows
before the prisms
of our indecision.

My mother's knitting needles
were likewise a form of nails

flashing with a metallic insolence
that could
within themselves

register within me
such a confused and fierce love
and yet a certain bleeding.

And later of course
there are the caskets
where the nails are so final

solid hammered endings
driven home
like rivets
to still our longing.

And I suppose
there are also the classic nails of rain
and the nails we pound with our fists
and the nails we insert into parcel bombs
and the nails we pass through wrists.

As a poet
I was not sent here to be lovely
perhaps my role is just to proclaim

and maybe it's true
that poems are just nails sometimes
we drive through truth to expose the stain.

The Weights

When the weights come
they come
as eyelids
oiled with prosecution
the case closed
and the verdict final
as a casket
descending.

On these days
the flowers stay hard
inside their buds
like stars
astonished into vapour.

Outside the children play
on the failed missiles
with the joy of cowboys
riding horses into sunset.

But still the weights come
this time
as fish eyes
seared into severed heads
deadened.

On these nights
I fit inside your skin
so that I might experience
nothing.

Oh hold me
dear one
dear one hold me
while I listen
to the silence
until it tells me
what I am supposed
to hear.

Our Shapes Eternal

This tension is not a tension
I have ever known.

It is a ligature pulled white
a noose chasing light
pressing the kite tight
against the muscled clouds

a filament fixed
like a sharp bright bit
held fast in these spittled mouths
we use to proclaim our cause
through the confused milk
of our poetry.

But the revolution went well today.

We're winning back the farms
and while the cities may be our hearts
the farms are the sinews of our hands
braided by generations
into the stubborn twine of our resistance.

And now we rest
in this shaded grove

where the olives fall
like wizened planets at our feet.

The heat in its clinging weave
marinates the shadows into oily ghosts.
The bees among the stalls of twilight
drone their lazy hymns where the citrus
drifts.

Know this my brothers

we are not soldiers or fighters
with ready blades
not warriors with the tools of our killing
worn as bloodied flags on raging sleeves.

We are lovers
at best poets

the poets of some lost and broken line
the guardians of a dying rhyme

who in our misery
raise high the flaccid scythes of our words

so empty our art
so empty our love
against this war
and the inky swirl of our dreaming.

A trumpet sounds the chorus call
to join the battle once again.

And as one we poets rise
like a quiet healing tide

singular in our prayer
that this night our words
will have the strength
they'll need
to carry us toward another dawn.

Our march toward the town is long.

We leave among the olive trees
only the blackened stubs of our cigarettes

the bees among the daisies droning

and our shapes
like fossils deep in amber
pressed eternally on the waving grass.

David Stones is a poet, performer and spoken word artist living in both Toronto and Stratford, Ontario. He published his first book of poetry, *Infinite Sequels*, in 2013, subsequently transforming it into a successful one-man show of the same name. Heralded by the London Free Press as a “brilliant and beautiful piece of theatre,” Stones performs *Infinite Sequels* throughout southern and southwestern Ontario. Published strategically but not widely e.g. *Verse Afire*, *Arts & Letters Club*, *Her Royal Majesty (Paris, France)*, Stones won the Brooklin Poetry Society prize in 2018 and is readying two manuscripts for publication in 2019.

James Deahl

The Barricades of the Fall Fair

— *an anti-ghazal for Phyllis Webb*

The rains of spring and summer's heat fall
together. How these rivers overflow!

Living in Paris when the City of Light
was still the centre, the place to be.

Chet Baker with Zoot Sims and Joe Mondragon
playing Gershwin in a haze of drugs.

Artaud's ghost fumbling in the café of pain;
your solitary nights too cruel.

Awakening with dawn, the stigmata's stab
just an adorable suffering.

On the sideboard: the crown of darkness,
the crown of crystal. Your naked hands seize both.

A Tree of Remembering Stars

— *for the ecstatic poet Kenneth Patchen, 1911-1972*

Those Ohio Valley towns
of white pianos tuned
to the pulse of a river
remain.

Today they are grimy, poor,
even more battered
than in your
'50s.

Catfish from night's accordion
still cannot be eaten
although that oil slick's
vanished.

By the St. Clair River
passing cold waters to Cleveland,
a tree of remembering stars
endures.

Here, under sparkling boughs
a migrant labourer might rest,
might inhale God's green
breath.

A Hampshire Lad

— *in memoriam: John Heath-Stubbs, OBE, 1918-2006*

The King's Head in your district of London
was a long way from Barton-on-Sea,
your quiet — you'd say dull — boyhood village
where coltsfoot grew, but this urban pub
would serve as a place to discuss poetry,
Arthurian legends, your old pal Larkin.

With an easy way with words, you expounded
on just about any topic, rollicking between
your time in Egypt and Oxford colleges
(a Queen's man, you didn't fancy Ruskin College,
where I was soon to speak) and your love for
William Blake and the birds of Britain.

You never observed those dark-legged cranes
you sought in youth, slaughtered in vast numbers
before you were born. Now protected, they're back,
and you are blind. You can only see them
in imagination's theatre. Years later, I spot
a male hooded merganser, my first ever.

Blue Steel Café, Pittsburgh

— *for Jan Beatty, Judy Robinson, & Joan Bauer*

I was in the café for a poetry reading.
Harry Truman was there with his dog
drinking an Iron City. The taller
of his bodyguards packed a Smith & Wesson.
Truman wanted to discuss Emily Dickinson,
the way Amherst looked before it was ruined.
Michael Wurster held definite views, but
I did not, never having visited her town.

One cannot truly visualize Amherst
from reading Dickinson's poems. Her town's
a love repressed. A garden romance.
The café was redolent of the South Side.
The dog was black and white with curly hair.
Where else could one discuss poetry
with Wurster and Truman? It was a hot evening
during the last summer J & L poured steel.

James Deahl currently resides in Sarnia, Ontario. Born in Pittsburgh in 1945, he made his home in Canada in 1970. He's the author of 27 literary titles, the most recent being *Red Haws To Light The Field* (Guernica Editions, 2017) and *To Be With A Woman* (Lummox Press, 2016). He is the editor of *Tamaracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century*, also published by Lummox Press of California, an anthology presenting current Canadian poets and their work to an American audience. Along with his daughter Shona, he is presently translating the work of Québécois poet Émile Nelligan into English.

Leaves, Cascading — **Andreas Gripp**



Nebula Movere — **Richard Thompson**



The Collector — Richard Thompson



Tempus Fugit — **Richard Thompson**



Richard Thompson: When I was five years old, I was living in Le Pas in northern Manitoba. We had no TV and one radio station, so after dinner my brother and I would use wax paper to trace images from old magazines. When we were finished, we would compare our work to see who had missed the most detail, and then repeat the process. We also learned to draw on large brown fungi that we collected from the nearby forest. Later, in elementary school, I discovered that by drawing motorcycles for the leather clad rockers in my school I could avoid the after-school thrashings that my peers endured. So art became a sort of survival tool.

I graduated from UWO (Western University, London, Ontario) with a Bachelor of Fine Art degree and then received my Bachelor of Education at Brock University in the early nineties. I taught elementary school in London where I was fortunate to interact with emerging artists in many contexts. Somewhere in these years I received my Art Specialists designation and was able to broaden my range of art instruction.

My work falls into two categories. The first would include paintings of harbours, ships and boats, and some still life. The second involves an examination of the pompous nature of humankind and how we often assume superiority over the natural world. Artistic influences would have to include N.C. Wyeth, Ralph Steadman, Julio Larraz, Charles Bragg, and an emerging appreciation of the aesthetic to be found in steampunk culture.

Jennifer Wenn

Foggy Evening

— *to Jane*

Well past dusk, damp but warming,
embracing mist hanging all around,
softening streetlights to luminous pastels,
hushing sounds ahead on Richmond to a loud murmur,
our footsteps gently echoing down the quiet street,
and wombed within the still, laden air,
memories of a long ago sojourn over The Pond,
memories of an English winter,
fog floating heavenward from
the Upper Thames and the Cherwell,
rising from my school's rugby pitch,
drifting amongst Oxford's intellectual edifices,
chilling the bones yet warming the heart
with thoughts of hearth and home,
but pulling my mind and soul farther, deeper,
back beyond birth to a distant time,
to the great city on the Lower Thames,
a fetid vapour enveloping the narrow streets,
obscuring night workers and revellers
and cutpurses slinking on their way,
cloaking horses and carts dully rumbling past,
and from every alleyway snake grasping
ghostly claws of excitement and fear,
my companion's laugh urging me back,
back to the pastels and soft echoes,
and the glowing theatre around the corner.

Sistine Chapel

A lifetime ago, and yet yesterday,
Rome, the Eternal City, another station
On the family European pilgrimage.
A fierce sun gazing on as we wandered
Through remains of long ago lives,
Shadows of ancient grandeur,
My teens about to dawn, but still
Fascinated by the stony memories.

Our path leading to St. Peter's,
Soaring heavenward,
Symbol of immense mastery and
Wealth cloaking devotion,
Centuries of worship echoing
Amongst the artistic ecstasies,
Awesome lodestar of a faith not mine.

Inevitably to the Sistine Chapel;
Michelangelo's eternal ambition
Blazing duskily forth.
Overpowered by a seismic shift,
Swept off my feet by an
Indefinable tsunami and sitting,
Gazing upward in dazed contemplation,
Lacking context but intuitively knowing,

Groping for words through a feeling designated as
I've been here before.

Not a picture, not television, not a movie;
Here.

And still, even now, I turn it over
In my heart, sensing across the decades
An overwhelming presence;
Me the callow, improbable medium,
Looking back along my unmeasured
Search for meaning, and knowing
Lao Tzu's truth: it began with a single step,
The one across that threshold from
The domain of ecclesiastical and temporal power
Into the realm of ravishing divine genius.

David

It was different back then, mid '70s, high school.
Being labelled a gay male (fag, faggot, homo)
Was a Mark of Cain interpreted by the mob
As permission to cast out from school society
(such as it was),
To bully, to torment as they saw fit.
David, you were labelled early.
Target of derision behind your back,
Verbally assaulted to your face.
Thrown into the girls' washroom.
Locked in a locker.
But you fought back, in your own way.
Played the fool, told rude jokes,
Made yourself a gadfly.
And I? Geeky, intellectual, Tourette-twitching,
I was far outside the mainstream,
My then-male appurtenances enclosing
A sleeping identity deemed
More dangerous even than yours.
But desperate to avoid the Mark
I said, not much; and did,
Nothing.

Long afterwards, my hibernating core finally
Awakening, seeking light and integration,

Searching memories, I wondered,
What happened to you?
Maybe a tea, or a phone call,
Or at least an online connection,
Reminisce, say I'm sorry.
Turning sleuth, I found your path
Led to Calgary, where it seems
You found community, and joy too, I hope.
I also discovered the sad truth:
You'd passed on early one November morning,
Aged just 33, following, the obituary said,
A courageous battle with HIV—
Yet one more victim of that then-dreaded plague,
Your loss mourned by your many friends.
So no apology; at least, not a conventional one.

One memory I hold onto.
By Grade 13, the final year,
You'd become something of an established fact.
Some bullies had graduated; others, perhaps, had
Become bored, moved onto other targets.
The senior prom coming, both of us dateless.
Strict custom dictated that one couldn't go alone,
So, locating a modicum of courage,
Mixed with some the-hell-with-them,
I approached you, and we went,

Stag, as it was called, as friends.
Immodestly, I take a little solace,
A little pride, in that.

And now, I could say Rest in Peace,
But maybe something else is more appropriate.
So, wherever you are now,
Stand up, be proud, know you are missed,
And mourned, by at least one from those
Difficult days of youth, and, as they say,
Let your freak flag nobly fly, my friend.

Jennifer Wenn is a trans-identified writer from London, Ontario. In addition to her day job as a Systems Analyst, she has written *From Adversity to Accomplishment*, a family and social history; and published poetry in *Tuck Magazine*, *Synaeresis*, *Wordsfestzine*, and the anthology *Things That Matter*. She is also the proud parent of two adult children.

Andreas Gripp

Spirits of Stratford

It doesn't sing, the swan,
and glides under the footbridge
without rehashing the earworm
chorus. We conduct it
with kernels and grain
purchased from the boy
behind the counter by the boat,
the one that took us
up and down the Avon
beyond the pontoon;
orchestral ghosts
with their sour suite
in remembrance of riverbanks
filled; throngs that cheered
the piccolo's off-key
note,

knowing the composer
had it wrong
from the get-go,

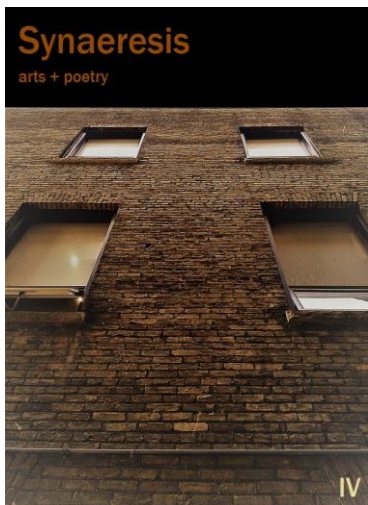
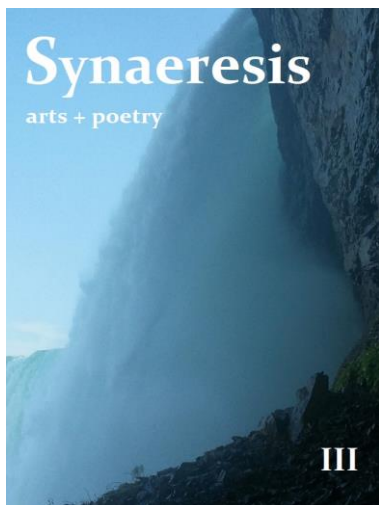
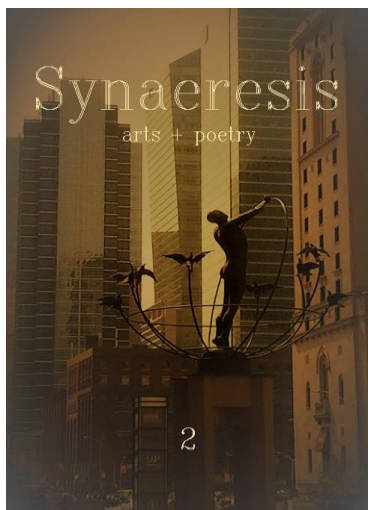
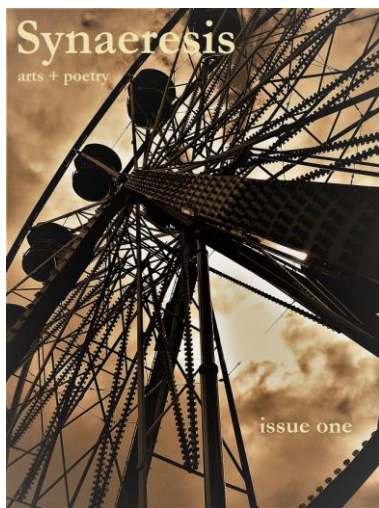
had failed to heed the geese
wailing proper scales
above him.

Water as Sky — **Andreas Gripp**

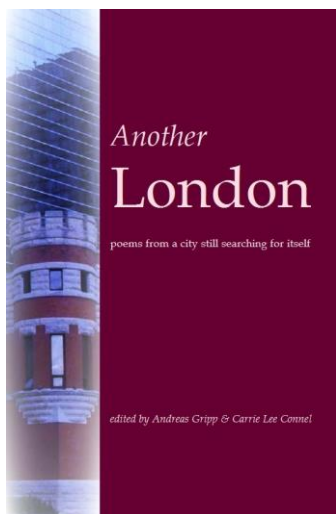


Synaeresis back issues can be easily read and downloaded
at the new **Synaeresis: arts + poetry** website:

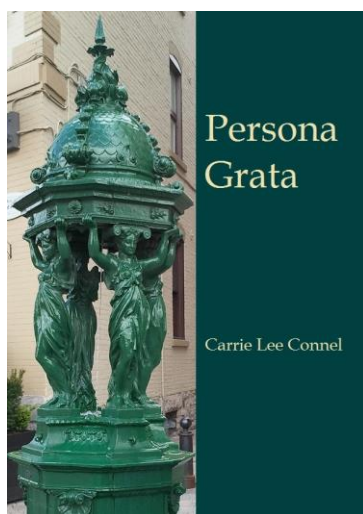
<https://andreasgripp.wixsite.com/synaeresis>



P O E T R Y from Harmonia Press



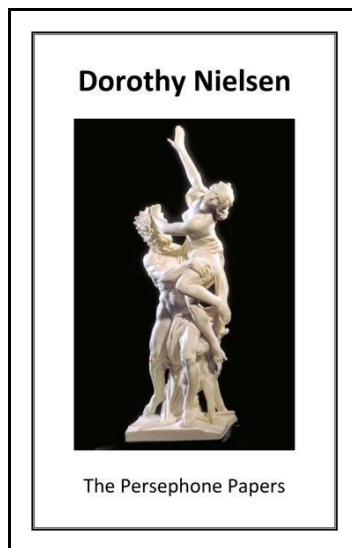
Another London – various authors



Persona Grata by Carrie Lee Connel



Snowflake Sleep by Farrukh Chishtie



Persephone Papers - Dorothy Nielsen

Available at harmoniapress.blogspot.com

S y n a e r e s i s

Gale Acuff
Warren Alexander
Peter Baltensperger
April Bulmer
Cassandra Cervi
Carrie Connel-Gripp
Sandy Coomer
Daun Daemon
James Deahl
Robin Wyatt Dunn
Paul Ferrell
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